PYNSENT's GHOST.

[Price One Shilling.]

This Pamphlet is entered at STATIONERS HALL.

644.k.19
5-

PYNSENT'S GHOST:

(A PARODY on the Celebrated BALLAD of

WILLIAM AND MARGARET:)

Thou Jaffier! thou my once lov'd, valued friend!——
By heav'n thou ly'ſt——the man ſo call'd, my friend,
Was generous, honeſt, faithful, juſt and valiant——
But thou a wretched, baſe, falſe, worthleſs coward,
Poor ev'n in ſoul, and loathſome in thy aſpect:
All Eyes muſt ſhun thee, and all hearts deteſt thee!

OTWAY.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ALMON, oppoſite Burlington-Houſe, in Piccadilly.

M DCC LXVI.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET:

I.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep;
In glided MARGARET's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So

PYNSENT's GHOST:

I.

'TWAS at the ſilent midnight hour,
When virtue ſleeps ſo ſweet;
In glided PYNSENT's grimly Ghoſt,
And ſtood at C*****M's feet.

II.

His face was pale like SCOTIA's morn,
Clad in a miſty cloud;
And clay-cold was his ſhrivell'd hand,
That held his ſable ſhroud.

III.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings muſt wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt opening to the view.

V.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

VI.

"Awake!"---ſhe cried, "thy true love calls,
"Come from her midnight Grave;
"Now let thy pity hear the maid,
"Thy love refus'd to ſave.

"This

III.

So ſhall EARL TALBOT's face appear,
'Ere twenty years are flown;
Such is the Robe GREAT GEORGE muſt wear,
When Death has ſnatch'd his Crown.

IV.

His wealth was like the copious flow,
That THAMES's fountains pour;
His bounty reach'd from high to low,
In one congenial ſhow'r.

V.

But madneſs, like ſome northern blaſt,
Freſh wafted from the THANE,
Had all his mental pow'rs o'ercaſt---
Poor P*NS**T died inſane.

VI.

" Ariſe!"---he cried, " thy Patron calls,
" Come from his dreary Grave;
" Ariſe! and hear my threatening voice,
" Thou vile, apoſtate ſlave!

" So

VII.

" This is the dumb, and dreary hour,
" When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
" And aid the ſecret fears of night,
" To fright the faithleſs man.

VIII.

" Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
" Thy pledge and broken oath;
" And give me back my maiden vow,
" And give me back my troth.

IX.

" How could you ſay my face was fair,
" And yet that face forſake?
" How could you win my virgin heart,
" Yet leave that heart to break?

X.

" Why did you promiſe love to me,
" And not that Promiſe keep?
" Why did you ſay my eyes were bright,
" Yet leave thoſe eyes to weep?

" How

VII.

" This is the dumb, and diſmal hour,
" When injur'd Ghoſts complain ;
" And aid the ſecret fears of night,
" To ſcare the treacherous man.

VIII.

" VILLAIN, repent !---repent, though late,
" Thy broken oaths and vows ;
" And give me back my loſt eſtate,
" Since ſhame hath ſtripp'd thy brows.

IX.

" How could you ſay the cauſe was good,
" And yet that cauſe forſake ?
" How could you ſay you ſought not gold,
" Yet gold on all ſides take ?

X.

" Why did you promiſe Patriot cares,
" And not that Promiſe keep ?
" Why did you grieve for ALBION's tears,
" Yet leave her ſons to weep ?

XI.

" How could you ſay my lip was ſweet,
" And made the ſcarlet pale?---
" And why did I, young, witleſs maid!
" Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

" That face, alas! no more is fair,
" Thoſe lips no longer red;
" Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in Death,
" And every charm is fled.

XIII.

" The hungry worm my ſiſter is,
" This winding-ſheet I wear;
" And cold, and weary laſts our night,
" Till that laſt morn appear.

XIV.

" But hark!---the Cock has warn'd me hence---
" A long, and late adieu!---
" Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe lies,
" That died for love of you."

The

XI.

" How could you ſwear your Country's love
" Did o'er your breaſt prevail?---
" And why did I, old, doating fool!
" Believe the lying tale?

XII.

" Thy Country's love no more prevails,
" To Her thy heart is dead;
" Black are the cares that whelm thee round,
" Thy Patriotiſm is fled.

XIII.

" STRAFFORD, and BATH, thy Brethren are,
" BUTE's Livery thou doſt wear;
" MACKENZIE ſtruts beſide thee now,
" With Pride's preſumptuous ſtare.

XIV.

" But look!---ſome Dæmon plucks me hence---
" A damn'd ill-tim'd adieu!---
" Come ſee, falſe Wretch, how low he lies,
" Who left his Wealth to you."

The

XV.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her glittering head;
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
Then raving, left his bed.

XVI.

He tied him to the fatal place,
Where MARGARET's body lay;
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf,
That wrapp'd her breathleſs clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold Grave;
And word ſpoke never more.

FINIS.

XV.

The Cock crow'd thrice, the morn appear'd,
And chas'd each midnight dread;
Yet C*****M ſhook with conſcious guilt,
Then, raving, left his bed.

XVI.

He hied him to the vaulted aile,
Where PYNSENT's carcaſe lay;
And ſtretch'd him o'er the marble tomb,
That held his mouldering clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on PYNSENT dead,
And thrice he ſobb'd full ſore;
Then laid his Crutch beneath his head,
AND WORD SPOKE NEVER MORE.

EPITAPH.

Wrapp'd up in Flannel thrice three fold,
Here humbled C*****M *lies;*
Who prov'd at laſt of mortal mold,
Though erſt he ſcal'd the ſkies.

Ambition ſpurr'd his fiery youth,
Mean Avarice ſnar'd his age;
Bankrupt in Friendſhip, Honour, Truth,
Full gorg'd he quit the Stage.

Learn hence, ye Sons of ALBION *fair,*
To check too raſh applauſe;
Of PATRIOTS *frail your Praiſes ſpare,*
Yet ſtill ſupport the CAUSE.

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for J. ALMON, oppoſite Burlington-Houſe, in Piccadilly.

I. AN Enquiry into the Conduct of a Late Right Honourable Commoner, particularly in regard to ſome late Negotiations, his new Connections and Employment. With a particular Account of a late Conference. The Fifth Edition, corrected. Price 1s. 6d.

II. An Examination of the Principles and boaſted Diſintereſtedneſs of a Late Right Honourable Gentleman. In a Letter from an old Man of Buſineſs, to a Noble Lord. Second Edition. Price 1s.

III. A New Satirical Print, entitled, THE PRECIPICE. Price 1s.

IV. *Speedily will be Publiſhed*, another Satirical Print, (by the ſame Author) entitled, THE TRANSLATION OF ENOCH. Inſcribed to a Late Great Commoner.

"Enoch's Fate and thine are one
"Like him tranſlated, thou art gone,
"Ne'er to be heard of more."

V. The HISTORY of the MINORITY; during the Years 1762, 1763, 1764 and 1765. Exhibiting the CONDUCT, PRINCIPLES, and VIEWS of that PARTY. The FOURTH EDITION, with ADDITIONS. Price 5s. bound, or 4s. ſewed.

☞ *The* very extraordinary, *and almoſt* ſingular Succeſs *which this Book hath already met with, is the ſtrongeſt and beſt Teſtimony of its* Merit. *It has moreover been tranſlated in Holland, France, and other Nations; in which, as well as in England, it is* much read *and* eſteemed.

VI. The PRINCIPLES of the CHANGES in 1765 impartially examined; and the Reaſons for ſome great Men refuſing, and others accepting the Offers of the Court at that Time, explained. The Fourth Edition, corrected. Price 1s. 6d.

VII. Two PROTESTS againſt the Repeal of the American Stamp Act, together with Liſts of the *Minority* upon that Queſtion, in both Houſes of Parliament. Price only 1s.

VIII. The DEBATES of the BRITISH HOUSE of COMMONS during the Years 1742, 1743, 1744, and 1745. In two Vols. Price 12s. bound, or 10s. 6d. in Boards.

IX. A COLLECTION of the moſt INTERESTING TRACTS which were lately Publiſhed in England and America, on the Subjects of TAXING the AMERICAN COLONIES, and REGULATING their TRADE. In two Volumes. Price 14s. bound.

X. A COL-

X. A COLLECTION of the moſt ESTEEMED POLITICAL TRACTS, which appeared during the Years 1763, 1764, and 1765. In four Volumes. Price 1l. 4s. bound.

XI. A Collection of POLITICAL LETTERS which appeared in the PUBLIC PAPERS, during the ſame Years. In one Pocket Volume. Price 2s. 6d.

☞ "*The Bent and Genius of the Age, is beſt known in* a free Country *by the* "Pamphlets *and* Papers *which daily come out, as the Senſe of Parties, and* "*ſometimes the Voice of the Nation.*" Kennet's Regiſter.

XII. The LETTER concerning LIBELS and WARRANTS, &c. A NEW EDITION, being the SIXTH. To which are added the POSTSCRIPT and an APPENDIX, together with ſeveral Additions and Corrections. Price 2s. 6d.

XIII. The SECURITY of ENGLISHMEN'S LIVES; or the Duty, Truſt, and Power, of the GRAND JURIES of England. Written by Lord SOMERS. Price 1s. 6d.

☞ *As the* Letter on Libels *treats ſo full on the Rights of* Petit Juries, *this admired Performance on the Subject of* Grand Juries *is thought to be its* proper Companion.

XIV. *Speedily will be publiſhed*, The TRADE and NAVIGATION of GREAT BRITAIN CONSIDERED. By JOSUA GEE. Price bound 3s.

☞ *This* valuable *Treatiſe has for many Years been very* ſcarce, *although ſeveral Times ſtrongly recommended by the beſt Writers on Trade, and univerſally allowed to be one of the moſt* intereſting Books *on that Subject.* To this Edition will be added, many uſeful NOTES, and an APPENDIX.

XV. The FOREIGNERS GUIDE; in French and Engliſh; being a proper Companion for every Stranger on his coming to London. Containing an Account of every Thing remarkable in London, Weſtminſter, and the adjacent Country. Price only 2s. 6d. bound.

XVI. A Collection of the moſt remarkable and perſonal Paſſages in the Briton, North Briton and Auditor. Price 1s.

XVII. A Parallel between the four laſt Years of Q. Anne, and the four firſt of George III. Price 1s.

XVIII. Poems. By John Cunningham. Price 4s. bound.

XIX. The Double Miſtake. A Comedy. As it was acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden. Price 1s. 6d.

XX. The Scourge. A Satire. Price 1s. 6d.